Written for the Sunday Journs!.

His hat hung on this nail, his coat beside it,

Emblems of boyish pride!

Ah, now I hold them fast as sacred treasures
In memory of the little boy that died!

His were the eyes that laughing seemed forever
So splendid in their pride!
As the glad earth still keeps its dewy morning,
I keep enshrined the little boy that died!

Perhaps within Our Father's mansions waiting.
He'll fling the portal wide
And be the first to greet me as I enter
The earthy into heavenly deified!

And sing again his childish songs so broken,
As standing by my side;
This, this perhaps will be his first fond token
Of love to me—the little boy that died!

Falleth down in a stifling gray cloud.

The Door That Is Never Ajar.

Fit the key in the lock where the dust of long years

Hear the patter of feet in the dim corridor,
Breaking into the drear silence, loud
With dead woe, as they trip to an old childreh tune,

And with echoes that grow faint and far
Falter on to the place where the shadows grow dark
Round the door that is never ajar.

Turn the key in the lock that is rusty with age.

Turn the key in the lock that is rusty with age,
Turn it gently, with sobs and with prayer,
Or rebelliously turn it, and hear at your side
Still the little feet pattering there.
See the dusty, pale prints of the shadowy hands
On the walls where the stray sunbeams are;
Hearken close to the tinkle of voices that call
Through the door that is never ajar.

Hear, O hear them, and answer entreatingly low.
With the air of the old lullaby
Creeping up from the heart, thro' the weak trembling

That can frame but the notes of a sigh.

Wast outside in the stillness and dust of the hall,

Near the room where the lost children are;

But they never will come, and the key will not turn In the door that is never ajar.

Reach your arms for the joy that is never more yours, Cry aloud at their poor empty pain, And see dim. thro' your tears, the outlines of a room

Recompense.

Straight through my heart this fact to-day
By truth's own hand is driven,
God never takes one thing away,
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years

And ever following each regret
For some departed treasure,
My sad repining heart was met

With unexpected pleasure.

It is the law complete, sublime.

And now with faith unshaken.
In patience I but bide my time,

No matter if the crushing blow

The plough boy whistled behind his plough,

And watered it well at the wayside trough.

The toil was hard, for the land was rough-

It lay on the shores of the Irish lough— But his well-fed team was stout and tough,

And he plied his bough to flank and hough.

He toiled all day and the crow and chough,
Flew around his head, though he oft' cried shough.
But his plough at eve struck a hidden sough

The frightened team ran off with the plough,
With speed of wind from the plough boy, though,
He shouted, whoa! And into a slough

The plough boy wept, for the wreck was thorough— He fled that night from the farm to the borough.

-George Russell Jackson in Boston Courier.

It plunged where the mud was soft as dough.

Since she went home-

Since she went home-

Since she went home--

Since she went home.

The evening shadows linger longer here, The winter days fill so much of the year,

And even summer winds are chill and drear Since she went home.

The robin's nest bas touched a minor strain,

The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain, And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain Since she went home.

How still the empty rooms her presence blessed, Untouched the pillows that her dear head pressed; My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest

The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears

An Irish Wild-Flower.

Through her bright, fluttering rags, the dark, the

Where you have fallen, is this the thing that grows

My mind lets go a thousand things, Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,

And yet recalls the very hour—
"Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue-noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the read;

Then, pausing here, set down its load

of pine-scents, and shook listlessly

Two petals from that wild rose tree

'Tis the old, old story; one man will read

While another is blind to the present need,

You may bind them, heart and brow; But the poet will follow the rainbow still,

And his brother will follow the plow.

But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the self-same mil,

Mother, I see you with your nursery light, Leading your babies, all in white, to their swee

A Tooth Worth a Million Rupees.

A charming road of seventy-four miles carries

the traveler to Kandy, the ancient Singalese

capital of the country. This is a picturesque place, with some beautiful views, a residence of the Governor and a Buddhist temple, where, in a wonderfully rich shrine, one of Guatama's

teeth is kept. This is one of the treasures of the "Light of Asia," for which, it is said, the King of Siam offered a million not long since, but

in vain. The priests having it in their care are said to be among the most intelligent and learned

of the Eastern craft, and possesses much Bud-dhist lore of great antiquity and value. One of the attendants informed me with much pride

that Edwin Arnold worshiped at the shrine when last in Ceylon. I cannot say that Edwin

is a Buddhist, but his writings show him quite

as deeply imbued with reverence for Guatama

as for him we of the West claim to be the Lord.

One cannot talk with the intelligent people at

this temple without being impressed with the

fact that their creed rosts with them upon en-

ightened faith, and not upon blind superstition

The priests, too, wear an expression of calm

dignity utterly at variance with bigotry or fa-

Peop at a Fuller Girl,

Miss Lillian Fuller, niece of Melville Puller,

the newly designated Chief-justice, was widing

along the beach yesterday afternoon in commany

with her mother. She is a beautiful young

lady, probably seventeen years of age. Her

fingers were jeweled like a princess's, with cluster rings of marvelous beauty—all dismonds, however—and whether in a listle neglige of muslin or gown or silk and precious loom, she is as beautiful in face and as lovely in manner as a poet's ideal. Her mother and she will return to their home in Chicago next week.

No orner preparation so meets the wants of

a debilitated system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Philadelphia Times Atlantic City Correspondence.

Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,

His lesson of toil in the sky,

And that is best.

Carter Harrison's Ceylon Letter.

Some furthest star, remembering what man Forgets, had warmed her little head with gold.

She felt, I think, but as a wild-flower can.

Above her, hollow-eyed, long blind to tears, Leaf-cloaked, a skeleton of stone arose.

Oh, castle-shadow of a thousand years!

-Robert J. Burdette.

-Sarah M. B. Piatt.

T. B. Aldrich, in the Century.

-John Boyle O'Reilly.

-Helen Hunt.

With a force that sent the share clear through.

He guided his team with a pliant bough,

May for the moment down me; Still back of it waits love, I know,

With some new gift to crown me.

For his lungs were sound and he had no cough:

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in The Independent.

When any joy is taken.

This law of love and kindness

But without hope tarough bitter tears I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

I thought it only happened so—
But time this truth has taught me;
No least thing from my life can go,
But something else is brought me.

-E. S. L. Thompson

-Olla Perkins Toph.

A Story of the Kentucky Mountains.

BY EVA WILDER M'GLASSON

AUTHOR OF "A HUMBLE STORY," "THE BARRED GATE." A day of drizzling rain had ended in an early

evening, whose rushing wind and utter darkness made it appear as if very late at night. The black sky, ribbed with bent, livid streaks. eroughed over the earth so closely it almost seemed that the blasts, shricking through the stark trees, were her piteous cries for relief.

At times there was quiet; then, far off rose a hollow sound, faint but growing till it swelled into a roar that swept through the one-streeted village with a rush as of mighty waters.

As it tore along in one of these crescent gales among the small houses around which it flung a terrific arm, was one whose front door had been holding slightly ajar; when the gust came on this door was slammed sharply from within, and a woman who had been peering into the riotous night turned back to the open fire-place with a shiver of satisfaction.

She stood backward to the mass of light, her hands clasped over her head in a way to reveal the youthful lines of her form; she was amply molded, with the serene, impassable beauty the old Greeks embodied in their marbles; a type not likely to be the quarry of complex motions, but full of human interest, simple and natural. Against the shadowy wall beyond her face gave its profile in softly drooping lines; the small knot of her light hair that drew the straight locks flatly from her temples, had a ficsitious golden shimmer from the varying flames. As she circled about to bring herself in more cordial speaking range of an elderly woman knitting in a rocking chair on the hearth there was a slowness in her movement hinting at strength, and matching, when she spoke, the drawling, but powerful tones of her voice.

"Ye lowed that red morain' we hed yestiddy Mrs. Rankin bent her head sideways in a motion implying the unimpeachable verity of her weather prophecies.

"Hamph! I reckon I've lived in K'ntucky long 'nough ter know what a red mornin' means -light the lamp sgin yer paw comes, M'lesyan' anyways I knowed 'twuz time for the moon ter change, an'-what do ye wanter waste them matches fer thet a way when thar's lighters a'ready rolled in the chany mug, ye triflin'

Melissa laughed a little. It was not the low ripple of sound refinement gives to mirth, but her whole face shared in it, the gray eyes nar-rowing to a bright thread between thick lashes that caught the infectious gayety and fluttered in harmony with it.

"It's done lit now," she smiled, walking across the room, in her hand the lighted match, a tiny banner stave whose red pennant trailed into smoke as if it waved above some mimic battle

The unshaded lamp stood on a kitchen table upon which it east a halo that showed forth the reometrical design of the yellow oil-cloth cover. Similar yellowish tones hovered on the lighter parts of the bare floor, whose boards, seemingly arranged to suit the exigencies of their various shapes and sizes, were worn into troughs, out of which here and there a dark knot raised its deflant knuckle. A sewing-machine of ponderous, old-time make stood impressively before the single front window, a blue-jean garment in its steel jaws; on it were a pair of massive shears, and some tron-bound spectacles.

The extreme end of the room had distinctly undomestic characteristics. There were shelves full of bottles, and a long narrow table bolding a pair of scales and a mortar and pestle. Swung from a corner of this counter by a thong of leather were some opossum and raccoon skins, a collection of silvery pelts, from their number binting at a local means of requital for medical services; this corner was clearly a doctor's office set down in the living-room. "Huh-h-h! thet wind do sound cold," shuddered Mrs. Rankin, hitching her chair nearer the fire by throwing her weight from one side to the other with a forward lunge. "I wish yer paw'd be gettin' in M'lissy; he hevn't looked well o' late; whar at did he go, anyhow?"

"Ole lady Hines took curyus this evenin' an' bout 4 o'clock Jake kem fer paw to go out thar," answered Melissa dreamily regarding her finger nails. "He never waited for paw ter hitch-jes" piled him inter the light wagon he hed druv in,

and put out like a white-head." Mrs. Rankin groaned. "Six mile thet is: jedge the ole lady mus' be po'rtul low, but I spise on the face o' the yearth ter hev yer paw tend them fur country calls; it makes me right sick ter think o' him traipsin' mud roads o nights like this'n. Yer paw hez knowed whut it wuz ter be right smart younger'n he is now,

Rankin warmed her feet in their heavy shoes, whose front lacing showed lavish widths of purple stocking behind a coy durance of shoe-Meliesa looked at her furtively. She was of reddish-brown complexion, a color deepened in

There was a little pause, during which Mrs.

her eyes and repeated in a faded tone in the thin hair descending over her ears; she was shrewd looking and comely, though her mouth always held slightly open, disclosing four sharply notched teeth.

"A course," began the girl with wary hesita-tion, "taint like he hed ter go-I mean 'taint like thar wuzn' no'n else ter go ef he couldn't." Mrs. Rankin turned slowly toward her daugh-

"Be you-'n's hinting at Buckner Graves!" she asked with solemn emphasis. "Laws, maw!" murmured Melissa in feeble de-

"I take it thet-a-way, M'lissy Mary Rankin, an' I gin ye one piece o' advice, 'n' ye can take it er leave it; don't ye ever pass no sech remark nigh yer father. Ye'v hed it mighty soft, becuz o' them three moun's in ole Duck crick burrowin' groun' whar yer sister 'n' brothers are moujerin'; but I teli ye, Miss Slick, though yer the onies one we hev, don't ye call no Graveses name afore yer paw." "I do' know what paw hez agin Buckner

Graves," ventured Melissa, "an' anyways I hev no call ter take up fer a man I aint so awful well erquainted with nohow." She tossed her "Thet's all right," returned her mother in

tones implying further knowledge of the subject, not to be revealed. "Tain't 'cuz thet young man is a doctor, 'n hez settled nigh ter Maud's Station that yer paw has no use for him; yer paw is no sech picayune critter ez thet, M'lissy. His hard feelin's goes a mighty sight far'er back 'n the las' two year; it's more like twenty year, I tell ye."

Melissa had taken up some kuitting, and the silver glimmer of the slim needles made a flickering twilight on her hands; her gown of faded brown gingham had certain æsthetie suggestions in its short, full waist made in a fashion known at Mand's as "Gerrybawldy." The straight sikrt hung close around her in slender folds, whose cirrus-like shadows held no dark tones. but were misted in a soft grayness like those of marble drapery done in low relief. She touched her nether lips with the glinting point of a

"Ye mean that paw's set agin Buckper Graves en ercount of ole Hir'm Graves, his gran'-pap; a-pickin' at each other, but seein! the ole man hes been dead ever since I knowed anything, shud reckon paw'd wanter quit visitin' the sins o' the fathers upon the children like he was Gawd-

mighty hisse'f."
"Ye don't conceit what yer father hed ter put up with from ole Graves, ye unatcheral critter said her mother sternly. "He wuz one o' the meanes' men on the face o' yearth for all he owned ez fine a track o' blue grass ez ever a ser have a doctor come nigh him though he was a sickly critter 'a' alwas a gruntin'. He grannied his se'f up with them medicines thet tome a ready mixed with d'rections pasted onter 'em, an' he'd gin' away ter any pusson that ud come 'n' ast fer 'm jes' ter spite yer paw an' do him out o' trade. I never rightly knowed whut wuz at the raie bottom o' thar misfeelin'-yer paw alwaz mishty close on the subjeck-but the likely shoats we lost through that ole varmint's curin' folks free fer naught wuz 'nough fer me-when he died I jes' says, well-is thet a wagon comin', M'lissy! I jes' says right out-its a stoppin' ain't it, M'lissy! Open the door so

paw can see ter light." When the doctor came in, all that could be seen of the actual man was a strip of face be-tween the nearing edges of a knit scarf and a shaggy cap; from this shone a pair of very prominent pale blue eyes. "Fixin' ter freeze." he said deeply, as Melissa peeled off his beavy coat, revealing a man of short but heavy frame His gray hair grew in a beautiful curve on a massive neck that, seen from a square rear view, seemed a continuation of the head itself. fully as wide and quite as hard looking. "I reckon I'm ageing Sary; I begin ter feel the seld lately, -huh! no, don't set nothin' out fer me, da'ter; I've et." As he spoke he sat down

query regarding the patient just left, presently replied in one word: "Dyin'," said he.

"Name o' sense!" exclaimed his wife; "a' yit her folks wuz lookin' fer't, I reckon! She's been a fatiin' ever since she hed that stroke."

"She had no reason ter hev a stroke at her age," said the doctor thoughtfully. "Look at

in a forward slouching attitude, and to his wife's

me: I'm not so much behind her in years, an' I'm ez robus' 'n' young feelin' ez when I wuz twenty." He struck his chest proudly. "Nare sehe er paic'il get that work in on me for some good time yit, I warrant ye."

One morning, bard upon this assertion, it be-fell that the doctor, finding himself unable to get out of bed, was much surprised. This feeling, by easy and natural stages, changed to one of apprehension as days, passing on, left him worse and worse. In his own medicines he had little faith, realizing well that he comprehended only vaguely the nature of his disorder. Melissa's trembling mention of Dr. Graves, discharged from the atorm-cloud of her father's wrath a lightning burst of fierce interdiction.

It was at her peril if she dared to fitch ary one o' that golduraed ferrit tripe nigh the doctor.

For two weeks he had been bed-fast, when one afternoon as it grew toward twilight it hap-pened that the doctor fell into a strangely serious mood, his mind in some sort hypnotized as he gazed long and fixedly at the bright flaming of the fire, for the bed had been drawn into the living room from the jutting closet that served its usual place. Presently, by some occult means, none the less distinct of effect because the served to the less distinct of effect because the served to the less distinct of effect because the served to the less distinct of effect because the served to the less distinct of effect because the served to the less distinct of effect because th cause mysterious of working, he seemed to know that his life was slipping out of its rugged hold. The impression came to him unattended by excitement of feeling, it seemed fearless and

His wife was moving about in the bustle of nervous unrest into which some women are thrown by the sickness of others; the doctor's eyes fell on her with new interests. "I'm a gointer die, I reckon," he mused with the calmness of one to whom death's face has been long familiar, "an' I hev ter tell her; passels o' times I hev put it off, but I won't get the chance ter put it off no more. He called her softly. Under the strange power of sickness to waken dor-mant affection, and induce visible sign of it in natures long undemonstrative, he felt like adding a fond epithet to her name. She came to him, wiping her hands on her dark apron, common place, stolid and elderly, but seeming to him very like the young woman

he had married, different from other Kentucky girls he knew, browner, more alert. 'Sary, I aint a wantin' to skeer ye-but ev'y one hes ter die sometime-heh Sary?" "Why paw!-why-" "Thar now, thar-r-r now, I'm only passin' the remark thet folks all hev to go sooner er later,

an'-its jes'ez well ter hev a cl'ar mind in case ye wuz ter get a call when ye wuzn' lookin' fer's "A course," admitted his wife apprehensively, "but your mind's open 'n' above board, paw, of ever any one's wuz; I don't reckon than's a many more fitten ter go then you'ns-when yer time

"Well, I do' know; I aint whut ye'v thought

"No; I've hed ye fer risin' thutty year, butob-ah! I knowed it'd be hard ter tell, but-" He turned as if to hide his face; at the left side of his neck there was a piteous fluttering as of some cased thing warring at its bars. Mrs. Rankin gasped with fright and the doctor took her hands firmly in his own.

"I'm kam now, Sary; set down hyere whilse I tell ye somethin-erbout myse'f. Ye mind that I clarked in a store at Maysvulle for a spell, afore I knowed yel yes; well 'twuz thar I firs' leaned a limber ear ter the devil thet is a prongin' me right now. 'Twuz a store whar they kep' bams n' balsams n' settlers powders n' liny men's n' all the list o' them paten' medicines ye have heard me cusss tell the air wor blue ez Ballynoes. I got ter knowin' whut all they wor good fer, n' like ez not, when a pusson wuz'n feelin' up ter the notch, he'd come ter me an' spin off his yailmen's an' get me ter judge whut

his seteem wuz a hawnin' fer. "D'reckly I got ter thinkin' I knowed it all. Thinksez I ter myse'f, ye stavin' fool, whut are ye triflin yer time away hyer fer? Carnt ye sense it that the l'mighty hev gin ye more head 'n' He have yer fellers? Pick up 'n' get out er hyere; thar are slews o' places whar they bev no doctors. Whut you wanter do is to put out 'n' find sech a place 'n' streng up yer sign 'n' set up fer a physician. Whose goin' ter hustle eroun'

ter diskiver whar at ye wuz churned out? "Them wuz my studyin's, Sary, an' on the stren'th of 'em I took ter hangin' roun' ole Doctor Blaumire an' a peskerin' the livin' day lights out'n him a-astin' him whut-all he done fer this, thet'n the other, till one day he churned his eyes onter me right quick-he wuz a lettle low man thet 'peared all head till ye see his eyes'n' now he 'peared all eyes-'n' s'he 'whut ye drivin' at, young man!-spit it out-spit it out; life's too durn ter thunder short ter beat eroun' this-a-way.'

"He wuz a po'rful hand ter swar; mighty nigh e'vy word he loosed wor a youth; he'd cuss a patient till they woz skeered inter fits, thet man would, but he wuz the fines' doctor in the State—an' when he fixed them greeny pop-eyes o' his'n onter ye, ye couldn't keep nothin' from him ter hev saved yerse'f from petch-forks 'n' demnation. He hed my scheme outn me 'fore I knowed whar I was at; took it mighty curyus too; -never passed a word agin it; on'y larfed a lettle ter hisse'f, 'n' s'he 'Go on—go on! ye shell hev my backin', young fel-ler.' He lowed thet jedgin' from the number o' young faller-head mediculs thet wuz bein' churned loose onter the community, folks ud her ter charnce it fer thar lives any ways, an' I might ez well be gettin' my hand in ez the rest. He said that human nature was the stuff ter practice on, 'n' that the proper study o' mankind wuz man; dead corpses ud do at a pinch, but he said he'd take a live man ev'y time.

"Well-awe-well! arter he promised ter stake me like, I went in soul 'n' body. Maud's wuz the place I struck arter prospectin' some; I liked the town well, an'-you lived clost by. I got erlong, from fa'r ter middin'; calermel an' quinine wor my stand-bys-yer alwuz safe ter plug any leak in a K'tuckyan's health with quinine—folks 'peared ter set considerbul by me—all 'cep' ole Hi Graves: ab-h-h he wuz a slick ole rat! he suspicioned that than wuz a screw loose in me somewhars, but he never end place it. I wuz his match 'n' he never got erhead o' me, but he gin me heaps o' I wuz right sure the ole doctor wouldn't never agin me away when he wuz right-headed, I alwuz hed a feelin' thet he might a let somethin' slip when he wuz in liquor, -he wuz a bard

drinkin, 'n' I've see him loaded ter the gynards many the time. "When cholery times kem-wuz n't thet about '59. Sary? I nearly los my mind them times! They died on me so fas' I cud har'ly keep tab on em-twuz jes' a groan 'n a flap 'n thar lay a hulk o' nothin' afore ye, with starin' eyes a-glar-in' up at ye with a look in 'em like I've often thought His'n ull hev when I stan' afore His

jedgamen." The doctor's voice broke with weary buskiness; his wife laid her hand on his glistening forehead. She was far from understanding his state of mind; since he was sick, doubtless a feverish discomfort of body had induced this confession. She crooned out some soothing words as to a fretting child. 'Thar, thar; ye never went ter hurt no'n, paw; thar's no'n night ter Maud's thet don't b'lieve the ole doctor hes forgot more'n these new school electrics 'n' nomyparfs'll ever know. Mighty few doctors didn't lose chol'ry patients, I recken; don't you worry no more—'tain's wuth wile."

The doctor's head turned restlessly on the high pillow; on top of his head his hair shone like thin silver foil spread closely on a skuli; when his lips parted, the inside of his mouth looked raw and red. The large flat fingers of one hand crimped the sheet's edge as if seeking to work off into some other substance their own unrest. "Ye don't 'pear ter sense what I hey tole ye," with no irritation in his voice; "or mebby I hevn't tole ye that them thar paten' medicines I hev ranted erbout an' lowed wor all drawed from the same kittle an brewed by the devil fer the destruckshun o' the onwary an' the grabbin' o' the fool's pence, are what I her use a myse'f-put 'em inter other bottles an' made out

like they wuz my own contrapshun." Mrs. Rankin was stirring some mixture in a tin cup; occasionally she tasted it from the end of a spoon; it was broth, and she was more intent upon it, as a means of physical comfort. than upon delving into her surprised and shaken mind for spiritual consolation. Though startled as her husband's last admission, she had not yet been touched by any sense of personal injury. The wrong that had been worked seemed abstract and indefinite. Who had suffered? Not she, whose boast had been ever that "her man made her a good livin'." manifestly there was no reason why she should resent the methods he had used to her support. Being practically given, she dismissed all thought not relative to the present, and holding forth a specuful of the liquor on whose surface little oily circles were edging each other, besought the

doctor to taste it. He waved it off with a gesture that took half its despairing pathos from the bone of a fore arm revealed by it. "Sary, them three chillern down ter ole Duck-crick burrowin' groun'-ye mind them chiliers, Sary "Don't ye go ter studyin' on 'em," shuddered his wife, thinking that those about to die are

wont to recall their dead. "I ain't a gointer mention 'em seprully-only Livy-she wuz the fire', Sary; d'ye mind how long she looked fer three year, when she wuz laid out? M'ssy favors her some, heh Sary?" "Well I don' know, paw," replied his wife, unable to keep herself from proud motherly recol-M'issy wuz fa'rer-complected fer all wuz sech a spindin' bald-headed baby ez uster make me

eshamed ter show her." When the Doctor spoke again his voice was lower. "Hav't it struck ye sence I hev been a talkin' thet them three chillers might a been livin' yit of I had raly knowed how to doctor 'em, 'n' hedn't sorter 'sperimented with 'em a tryin' ter cure 'em when they got baby yailmen's thet dumb-founded mel"

It was . wing dark; through the front win-

dow could be seen a streak of yellow bindin the West; the earth lay below it swart and still as the face of an Eastern woman, whose dusky brow is filieted with narrow gold.

A lighted match gleamed to the floor from

Mrs. Rankin's inert grasp; it flared briefly and went out, but something like its fire glinted from the woman's eyes as she turned them on her husband's face. It was the visible working of a fierce instruct of motherhood, suddenly aroused, that whirled in her brain, misting out-

aroused, that whirled in her brain, misting outward things in dizzy red, and drawing into its vortex all wifely love and womanly pity. A moment went by before her rigid nostrils lost their tension as her stiff lips unbent.

"Ye kilt 'em did yel" she queried in a voice that, strangely, seemed her usual tone; "them chillern Gawd gin me—thet hed my blood in thar veens. I hev no words fer ye, on'y when Him yer goin ter asts ye whut bars ye from bidin' whar He is—show Him yer hands—He'll see the red stainin' 'em."

see the red stainin' 'em." A tongue of fire shot gayly from a burning log, and at the same instant the tea-kettle whirled a merry stave from its iron throat; it was as if these inanimate things felt a sudden ipcongruous mirth at the nearness of human pain. Just now the door opened and Melissa came in; meeting her mother's gaze her own eyes caught the fear of it. "Is paw worse?"

For answer Mrs. Rankin passed into the smaller room and shut the door behind her. Darkness came down and waned again through the lessening hours of morning. Though close on 7 o'clock, the earth still nung in twilight, a dim sphere clouded in uncertain mists of its own vague, far-reaching tree tops. Chimneys of neighboring houses began to waken with long yawns of southwestward pluming smoke. Lights stirred in some windows with the unforceful red of flame under menace of a coming sun. The sky looming infinitely high, of the pale violet hue that seems the natural color of air, had no floating fleck to catch the eye and give reality. Presently, after the violet had changed to gray, the shorn winter trees shook off their obscurity, and lifted shock, bristling morning heads against the clear pallor. Now at first could be seen that slight snow hung fluttering on the air, save for the powder on the ground, seeming never to fail.

Day was come, but her feet sandaled in gray had mounted the East unseen, when Melissa lifted the latch of the bedroom door and went in to the lonely woman sitting silent and un-heeding at the small window. "Come on out, maw," said Melissa, beseech-

"I shell never put eye on yer father's face agin," answered the mother. Melissa knelt at her side. "Maw, he tole me about it; he never ment ter hurt them chillern,

"He done it, jes' the same, M'lissy." "Awe, no, he never, maw! Look at me. Didn't paw fahiy keep life up in me when I wuz teethin', an' thet thin ye cud hyear my bones scrouch of ye teched me?" "We never looked fer ye ter live, Mlissy, but

I reckon the Lord didn't want ter take my las' hope erway, so He lef' ye ter comfert me." "He'd a took me of He'd a wanted me," said Meliasa, with fatalistic brevity, "comfert er no comfert. Paw done the best fer me be knowed how, an' he done the same fer them babies that went afore me; ye'r mighty onreasonin', maw, ter get outdone this-a-way becuz paw wuz never reg'lar'y trained ter be a doctor.

"Who trained the firs' doctor that ever was!who gave him his papers? He had a knack o' healin' suff 'rin', I reckon, au' o' ministerin' ter them ez wor yailin', an' ef he ever hed any spechal larnin' it must a been Gawd-a-mighty ez "They might a been livin yet," murmured the

"Not of they wuz wanted up yander," said "Awe mammy, mammy!-ef so it wuz that I loved a man 'nough to marry him, thar's nothin,

on top o' this green yearth cud turn me agin She bent her face downward. Her mother lifted it by the small, smooth chin and looked at the soft color unevenly diffusing it. The gray eyes held firm under that penetrating gaze, the newness in them was not the shy consciousness of a girl's easily disturbed heart, but the some-

thing deep and calm that tells of womanhood As Mrs. Rankin looked, her own youth flung itself before her. He who had taught her such gladness as now streamed upon her from their child's face, lay on a bed of sickness hard by, old and broken on the wheel of his own mistakes. A rush of tenderness swept over her with such strength as seemed to force her to her feet, and hold her rooted there overcome with a curious

She turned from Melissa and absently flipped wisp of thread from the sleeve of her coarse, blue gown: "Ef I hed anything ter speak ter yer paw-ef I wuz ter go in thar now, he'd listen at me, wouldn't he, M'liesy?" Then a sudden fear strained her eyes downward. "Awe M'lissy!-did ye leave him alone becuz he wouldn'-never need ye no more?" Melissa laid a strong arm around the suddenly

weak and shrinking form. "Law no, mammy—he's not alone; Buckner is with him; an' jes think, maw! he jedges that paw ain't near so low ez he conceited hiss'f; ain't that good! An' Buckner says-But her mother was sobbing hoarsely on her

THE FASHIONS.

Amber reappears, and is cut in all manner of Paris milliners perfume their most expensive French flowers and flower-bonnets.

Old-fashioned lace mitts reappear for wear with empire gowns, and are differentiated only by jet embroidery of the backs.

The latest London fad is to wear about the neck a lace scarf so long that the ends barely miss being trodden on when the wearer walks. The bride who can afford it has a lace matines made up in Valenciennes or marquise over a

Good form now requires loose gloves for women as well as men; by consequence, fash-ionable ladies have gone up at least two sizes in their spring purchases.

The popular combination dresses promise to be those of fine camels' hair or silk-warp Henrietta cloth draped over moire or corded silk skirts, as they are imported in great variety. Dress-makers who are not beyond consideration of expense are trying the effect of spencer frills below the belt in place of the basque. which will in some measure lessen the need for that costly accessory the sash.

Nun's veiling, with selvage from one to three nches wide, is the best stuff for a summer mourning street suit, while for evening wear large meshed Brussels net in many layers, with folds and side pleating, is the correct

For graduating gowns, sweet simplicity is the hing: and a favorite style is white veiling or China silk, made up into full plain round skirt and round waist, buttoned behind and stopping just below the arms, above which is worn s guimpe of lace or muslin, tucked or puffed, and with leg-of-mutton sleeves unnocent of all lin-

In place of the veteran basque, French gowns now show waists pointed back and front, very much after the fashion of thirty years ago; with the difference, however, of a sash or girdle which is fastened low in front; then follows the outline of the waist to the point, where it falls in big loops and ends over the straight, shirred or box-pleated skirt.

Very many of the new bodiess are trimmed down the back to match the vest front, a style liked by those who find the severe, unadorned tailor fashion too trying. Upon one of these, the fronts are skillfully curved at their closing edges, and on each side extra-deep darts, and a finely tapered bias under-arm gore complete the perfect adjustment. The back portion, which is to be trimmed is cut in a single piece which tapers off to a decided point. The side seams, instead of curving into the back portion of the arm size, are once again carried to the shoulder seams, giving length of appearance and added grace to the waist.

Donnelly's Baconian Cipher.

London Saturday Review. As to the cryptogram, every one who has allowed himself to be amused by Mr. Donnelly's mathematical vagaraies has already had the principles on which the cipher is worked explained in the pages of this Review and elsewhere. Those persons who have short memo-ries, however, may be confidently referred to the fifth fit of Mr. Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark," where the butcher-no doubt unconciously-describes the chief features of Mr. Donnelly's system to the Beaver, with supreme

Taking three as the subject to reason about—
A convenient number to state—
We add seven and ten and then multiply out
By one thousand diminished by eight.

The result we proceed to divide, as you see. By nine hundred and ninety and two, Then subtract seventeen and the answer must be Exactly and perfectly true. A Giant Orange Tree.

Atlanta Constitution. A. J. Gill, residing near Dade City, Fla., is the owner of an orange tree fifty three years old, which is two and one-half feet in diameter and thirty-five feet high. This tree has yielded 10,000 oranges in a single season, and it is believed if no mishap intervenes the product will reach 12,000 the present year. It is one of a group of eighteen, each but little inferior in aixe. The Little Boy That Died.

READING FOR THE SABBATH.

Sunday-School Lesson for May 27, 1887. PETER'S DENIAL-Matt. xxvi, 67-75. Golden Text-Wherefore let him that thinketh he tandeth, take heed lest he fall-. I Cor. x, 12. I see his fair round cheeks, pomegranates glowing.

His curls with sunset dyed;

I hear the patter of his gentle footsteps—

My soul is longing for the little boy that died! Mon.-Matt. xxvi, 67-76......Peter's dental

> After the Savior's agony in Gethsemane, He went forth to meet the great multitude who came from the chief priests and elders to arrest him. Judas guides them to the garden and indicates and betrays the Lord with a kies. The disciples were all frightened, and "forecok Him and fied" (xxvi, 56). It seems probable that they fled in different directions, and that Peter and John, finding that they were not pursued. turned back and followed the multitude to the house of the high priest (John xviii, 15), whom John knew. Abbutt thinks that the New Testament records three, possibly four, distinct judicial or quasi-judicial examinations of Jesus. It is difficult to harmonize all the statements. but as Alford says, if we had all the facts harmony would be easy.

The order of the events was probably as follows: First, Jesus was taken to the house of Appas, who was the head of the priestly opposition. Secondly, He was taken to the house of Calaphas, where he was examined. It was here that Peter denied the Lord. Thirdly, the great council of the Sanhedrim had been assembled by daylight, and there the formal trial began. This council was made up of seventy-one of the leading men of the church, the high priest being the presiding officer. The methods of procedure were carefully laid down in the books, but they set aside nearly all of them in this case, and at last condemned Him on his own testimony, sentencing him to death on the charge of blasphemy, because He declared himself the That will never be opened again;
See the the moss and the blossoms that twine over it,
Lying closed 'neath the smile of a star,
With a mother-love keeping its lone watch thro' years,
O'er the door that is never ajar.

1. The insults of enemies are easier to bear than the treachery of friends. 2. Christ's prayers in Getheemane, his cour-

age and calmness in the scenes which followed. 3 Peter's self-confidence before, and consequent weakness in the hour of temptation. 4. Prayer gives strength for, and in, tempta-Peter first follows at a distant

nies, afterward denies with an oath, and lastly with cursing and swearing. 6. The seeming trifle may become a stumbling-block, and the crowing of a cock a means 7. Peter sins through fear, or what those about him will think.

8. Be kind to the erring and the fallen. Even Peter fell. 9. He wept bitterly, not because he was foundput in his sin, but because he was sincerely sorry that he had fallen into sin. BEART TRUTHS.

"Boast Not of To-morrow"-Be careful what you promise. Deeds are better than words. "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better." Make good your words; but be cautious in giv-

2. "Lie Not One to Another"-Be truthful above all things. Life is not worth saving by a lie. Honor is better than safety. Walk the path of uprightness. Make the coin of speech 3. "Thou Shalt Not Swear"-Profanity is a

needless, base, costly vice. It adds no force to speech; it demeans him who uses it; it challenges divine wrath. Better too few than too many words.

Church and State. Dr. Philip Schaff. I came to agree with De Tocqueville soon after my immigration to America in 1844. I have been confirmed in it by an experience of fortythree years and a dozen visits to Europe. In Roman Catholic countries and in Russia there is more outward show, in Protestant countries more inward substance, of religion. The United States equal and even surpass most Christian countries in religious energy and activity of every kind. The rapid multiplication of churches, Sunday-schools, Young Men's Christian Associations, religious and charitable institutions all over the country, of voluntary con-tributions, without any aid from the govern-ment, has no parallel in history. Nowhere are churches better attended, the Lord's Day strictly observed, the Bible more revered and studied the clerical profession more respected than in North America. There are three institutions which belong to both church and State, and must be maintained and regulated by both.

These are monogamy in marriage, the weekly day of rest and the public school. Qualified for a Missionary.

London Truth. According to the Baptist, an offer was recently received from a married man who wished to engage in mission work. This gentleman has a "small family of fourteen," and he expressed his willingness to proceed to China and to leave his family behind him, "for a large family he found a great hindrance to grace." A family of four-teen is a hindrance to a good many other things besides grace. The cheerfulness with which this man proposed to turn his back on his wife and children is an alcount. and children is an eloquent commentary on his fitness to preach the gospel to the heathen.

Religious Notes. Judge: Time-middle of a long sermon-Elsie (in a loud whisper)-O mother dear, do give them the penny now and let's go!

The Southern Christian Advocate makes good point when it says: "Men are to be saved by 'the foolishness of preaching,' and not by the preaching of foolishness."

The religious press has not ceased analyzing the character and influence of Matthew Arnold. The Churchman says: "He went to his grave boodwinked with a sort of spiritual myopia."

C. H. Spurgeon: We are in hot haste to set the world right and to order all affairs. The Lord hath the leisure of conscious power and unerring wisdom, and it will be well for us to

To do good, in its best and highest sense, it is necessary to be good. Being is the best of do ing, so far as the good of the world is concerned and it is greater philanthropy to be pure than to be generous if impure. In Paris there will be an exhibition next year.

in which it is intended to illustrate all the religions of the earth, past and present. Idols, manuscripts and all tangible symbols of religions will be shown in a museum building which will be erected at a cost of \$200,000. Presbyterian Observer: He who would see clearly divine things must maintain a pure heart

and a willing, teachable mind. He must come into the school of Christ with the disciple's gentle and docile spirit. He must do in order to know. Experience comes by way of spiritual renovation. Grace opens the eyesight to won-derful discoveries of truth, love and glory.

Humility is the ground of every virtue; for it makes us teachable and obedient, patient and forgiving. "Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." He who descends himself from a high station to take upon himself the form of a servant digni-fies the humble office he assumes, and makes the law and the duties of the office honorable; stimulates all to exertion, and renders the slothful and proud inexcusable. With what force from such a one must the words come: "If I then your lord and master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. The servant is not greater than his lord."

Religious Telescope: We become accustomed to look on the human side of religious processes so much that we overlook the divine. We philosophize Christ and grace and answer to prayer almost out of consideration. We seem to think that nature has certain tendencies and laws, and everything must go in these natural channels. We know that even the human will can in an instant, and does in ten thousand eases, go contrary to the tendency and nature of things. Yet we forget that God is an infinite will above all the laws and tendency of things. Christ can turn all the forces of nature at once whither He will. No mysticism in that. Our opportunity is to form a oneness with Christ that will put us once and forever on His side in all things. That is the strategic point in the successful Christian life.

Zanzibar correspondents announce the death at the end of March, near the Victoria Nyanza, of Bishop Parker and the Rev. Joseph Black burn, a missionary accompanying him. They died in the Unyore country, to the southeast of the Albert Nyanza. Dr. Henry Perrott Parker. the successor of the murdered Bishop Hannington, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and took his degree, with second class honor in the Theological Tripos, in 1875. He was ordained deacon in 1876 and priest in the following year. From 1876 to 1878 he was curate of Holy Trinity, Exeter, and was subsequently secretary of the Church Musiconary Society and chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta. In the autumn of 1886 he was consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, with jurisdiction over the districts bordering the Victoria Nyanza and in the neighborhead of Momboza. Mr. Joseph Blackburn was formerly a student of the Church Missionary College at Islington, and

has been a missionary at Urgui, eastern equa-terial Africa, since 1882, remaining five years in deacon's orders and being ordained priest only

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Ferryman Tired.

Philadelphia Call. Voyager (on the banks of the Styx)-You look pretty well played out, old man. Charon-Well, I am. If the "oldest mason" doesn't stop dying I'll have to hire a steamboat.

Exceptions to Every Rule. "Young man," he said, solemnly, "do you know we are liable to be called at any time?" "Yes, sir," responded the young man, "we are liable to, of course; but I made three men lay down on a pair of deuces last night."

No Choice. Washington Critic. Wife-You are a very sick man, John. Will

you have a regular physician or one of the Christian science healers? Husband (weakly) -M-M-Mary, what's the matter with the undertaker? Boss of the Shop.

Philadelphia Call.

Visitor—I should think that the proprietor would have more consideration for the feelings of his editors than to come in and tear around Managing Editor-That wasn't the proprietor. That's the base-ball reporter.

A Majority at All Hazards.

Burlington Free Press. Wire-puller-Well, Spilkins, I trust that we shall give you a handsome majority when the slection comes off.
Spilkins—I don't care if it's as homely as a brush fence, so long as it's a majority.

Not Long Out of the Water.

"These fish, my dear Mrs. Hendricks," re-

sarked the minister, who was discussing a Sun-

day dinner with the family, "are deliciously

fresh. I am enjoying them very much."
"They ought to be fresh, volunteered Bobby. who was also enjoying them. "Pa caught 'em only this morning. Acquainted with Grief. Somerville Journal. "You don't seem at all cast down by the

length of the sentence the judge has given you," said a sympathetic bystander to the sad-eyed German who had just been condemned to twen ty years of servitude in the State prison.
"No," replied the prisoner wearily, "I do not at all it mind. I have thirteen years the proofreader on a German newspaper been.

His Conscience Satisfied. Baltimore American.

Mr. Hennessy is a devout Catholic. On a recent fast day he walked into the New York Press Club at noon, and taking his seat, asked the waiter to bring him some fish.

"We have no fish to-day, Mr. Hennessy," said the waiter; "only roast beef and lamb."

"Then bring me some lamb," said Mr. Hennessy, "but God knows I asked for fish."

Tell the Truth. Washington Critic. Wife-What time did you get in last night,

Husband-Two o'clock, my dear. Wife-Where were you, John't Husband-At work at the office, my dear. Wife-That's right, John, never tell a lie. (To the servant)-Mary, take Mr. Brown's shoes off the mantelpiece, and get his night-key out of

A Little Previous.

the clock and put it in his pocket.

A couple from across the border came to the city yesterday and stopped at one of the best hotels. The young lady was plainly but neatly dressed, and was a handsome brunette. The young man stepped up to the clerk, after having escorted the lady to the parlor, and asked where he could find a minister, as he wanted to get "apliced." Upon being informed, the clerk anded him the pen to register.

"I don't want to register now," said the young man; wait until after we get married, then an write it Mr. and Mrs. -"That don't make any difference." said the clerk, "as long as you are going to get married."
The youthful swain stepped up to the desk, took the pen, looked it over carefully and then

at the register. His face grew red, and he heat-tatingly inscribed, "Joseph Link" upon one line, and upon the next, "Mrs. Lotta Link, all of "I wonder what she would say if she knew it." ne said, in an awe-struck voice, and then burried on in search of a clergyman. The inscription was soon legalized.

The Contents of a Woman's Hand-Bag. New York Graphic.

"What do you carry in that hand-bag?" said the big man to the business woman, pointing to the little black hand-bag that is her inseparable

"I'll show you," said she; and then she took out two handkerchiefs, one for use and one for show, a lead-pencil with the point broken, a stick of gum, unchewed; a lump of gum, chewed; George William Curtis's editorial on Matthew Arnold's death, cut out of Harper's Weekly; three keys, that don't fit anything in particular; one latch key, that does fit: a Bondstreet library card, three Daly Theater seat coupons, a tiny box of face powder, three capsules of quinine, five visiting cards, seven letters, five of them from one man; spring suits eut out of the Sunday paper, a season ticket to the American Art Association's prize exhibition, an unposted letter to her mother, three rubbet bands, three postal cards, a shoe buttoner, dentist's appointment eard, four hair-pius, ar unpolished moss agate, coral brooch with the pin broken off, half a mustard leaf, a place of par per, with quotations from Mme. Blavatsky, on theosophy, written on it, a sample of vellow ribbon to be matched, a card photograph of another girl, and a purse containing one

three-cent piece and a postage stamp. Summer Colors.

New York Fashion Basar, Heliotrope is still quite popular. It is preferred to all the delicate shades for public prom-enading. Pale gray is also favored; indeed, all shades of gray are in good demand. Old-time ashes of roses and similar shades of pinkish drab are worn for dress and semi-dress occasions. Ecru and woodleolors, tan, light browns, and all medium, cool and grayish tones are preferred to those that are more pronounced. many inquiries have been made about the shader called Gobelin that it may be as well to state that they comprehend all dull, faded tints. Gobelin is not necessarily blue any more than Suede is necessarily tan color, although some authorities appear to have in some way arrived at this conclusion. What are known as Gobelin shades are taken from old tapestry of that name. and may designate either red, green, gray or blue, or indeed any of the tinte of that material. They are exceptionally beautiful and soft, having the faded, mellow, blended appearance that is to a great extent the sign of value in these tapesteles. Suede is by courtesy undressed kid color, which may be any shade from white to black. The folly, therefore, of so designating colors must be evident to every person of intelligence. Black, is as usual, prominent, especially in out-of-door dresses. Indeed, it is highly probable that it will be the most approved of all colors for street wear for a long time to come The best taste commends it, and the pest-dressed lading wear it.

White seems to be more in favor than ever before. It was said that white had reached the height of its popularity some seasons ago, but the present enormous demand for everything white has surprised even its most enthus advocates. For all ages, complexions and occasions white seems to be one of the leading favorites, and for young ladies' and misses' dress and semi-dress wear it is preferred to all other

Faith Cure for Warts. Danbury (Conn.) News.

A young lady in town has been very much troubled over a number of warts on her hands. She had tried every remedy she ever heard of with the exception of having them removed with the knife. And all to no effect until a last novel remedy has done its work. She claims to have got it from a gypsy woman. She cuts pieces of paper in squares, and large enough to cover a wart. After wetting them she plastered one of them on each wart. When the pieces of paper had dried she took them in the full of the moon and placed them upon the ground beneath the caves of a building, where the water could drip upon them. After they had been thorough-ly wet she placed them in an oven to dry, and finally she placed them in the shape of a tri angle good ber hand, and then thrust ber band out of a third-story window, and blew them of to the winds. In three days the warts had disppeared. She is so confident of the cure that she recommends it to all her friends.

Not Smart Enough for That.

Christian Laquirer. A lady who was at the woman's Congress in Washington, and very proud of the evidently high intellectual standard of its members, had her pride rudely shocked when she overheard an elevator boy say: "We have had 300 of the smartest women in the world here, and though they have been in this hotel for a week, there's not one of them who knows what foor to get